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character, to the life. Only less perfect is her simulation of perplexity when assuming something more than the average burthen of lobbying commissions at once; and through all this there runs an unmistakable good nature, only a trifle perverted by her affectations, rendering the character lovable as well as enjoyable—the whole stamping the actress as at her very best in the personation.

After the two leading characters, by far the most important remaining is that of *Clara Dart*, unexceptionably played by Miss Maud Granger, and at times with a force leading one to doubt whether this rising young actress may not eventually find her field in the more sober rôle of tragedy or serious comedy. The part of *Blanche Mossthorpe* brings into the acquaintance of American audiences a new English actress of quiet promise, though as yet with somewhat of the old-world mannerisms, in Miss Annie Edmondson; and *Libbie Ray* ("Libbie dear") shows decided comedy powers on the part of Miss Edith Osmond. But a single female character remains to be noticed—that of *Laura Seabright*, well rendered by Miss Pearl Eytinge. Scarcely the same amount of general commendation bestowed upon the ladies of this cast, can be accorded to the gentlemen, albeit their array is creditable. The part of *Roland Vance*, the journalist, is unquestionably belittled rather than illustrated in the hands of Mr. Saville; *Charley Brood* is a very fair study of bashfulness as given by Mr. Charles Villers, but with a shade too much recollection of Toots; Mr. Ferguson's *Lord Cairngorm* has its best praise in being called quiet and gentlemanly; and Mr. Padgett's *Colonel Tom Dart*; Mr. Grant's *Arthur Le Maitre*, Mr. Willard's *Saville, M. C.*, and the Civil Rights representatives of Messrs. Brutone and Langley, are all sufficiently respectable to fill their different positions to practical advantage, while nothing more can honestly be said of them.

As already suggested, the production of "The Mighty Dollar" by the management of the Park is entitled to the highest commendation. It is neither easy nor necessary to discover four more carefully painted or more richly set scenes than those of the four acts of this play—the two first (exteriors), "Grabmoor" and "Arlington Heights," being from the pencil of Mr. Calyo, and the remaining two, both interiors at Grabmoor, carefully supplied by Messrs. Matt Morgan and Heimann. From the first the production has seemed to run smoothly, and to strike the popular appreciation without creating very marked enthusiasm: it is possible that before this sees the light it may have grown upon that appreciation to the large extent it deserves—even to the making of "H. D., how do you do?" and "By a large majority," the oft-repeated cant phrases of the street. Much in the acting, and no little in the play, deserves even this measure of success,—which after all, however, will be accorded or not by the dramatic fates without any close reference to merit, all former experience being taken as the standard of probability. Criticism upon criticism, by the way, is generally held to be ungracious, if not improper: were this canon not well established, we should add that the average of the press comments on this production have been by no means what it has deserved—cool when a little warmth would have been well in place, and with a tendency to stint praise, when praise has been actually extorted. For the final effect of this, too, we must wait with due patience.

ART.

SCHOOL-BOOK ILLUSTRATION.

THIS special detail, until within a very limited period, was the worst performed if not the least understood, of all the branches of illustrative art. Hasty and crude in design were most of the so-called pictorial aids to the child in understanding his text—the idea evidently being, that "anything was good enough for the child," in total ignoring if not ignorance of the fact that no eye needs to be so carefully instructed as that which communicates shapes and ideas to the young brain in course of formation. Most of us who have neared the half century can remember what were the illustrated school-books put into our hands from forty years ago down to that much nearer period represented by twenty-five. The old primers, and so many of the old spelling and reading books as supplied anything in the line of illustration, certainly, in drawing, depicted human form and landscape in shapes little likely to assist the study of natural history or nature; while in the detail of engraving, most of the pages carried out the exaggerated charge that the cutting had been done with a broad-ax on a fence-post. Of late, truth to say, the whole process of school-book illustration has been marvelously advanced, side by side with the corresponding advance in the adornment of other publications, so that there has not really been much danger, during the past few years, of the student mistaking a cow for a castle or a milk-maid for a bunch of hollyhocks, or *vice versa*. There have been improvements and improvements, however; and a late specimen, falling under our notice, has induced these remarks, preparatory to a word of special commendation to be bestowed upon it. All the earlier volumes of the "Graded School Series," published by Wilson, Hinkle & Co., Cincinnati and New York, show a care in illustration not often found in such volumes; and in the "Third Reader" of that series, especially, we find some pictures from the burin of Juengling (so well known to the patrons of THE ALDINE), far eclipsing any previous efforts in the same direction, with which we chance to have any acquaintance. Actually, many of Mr. Juengling's pictures in this "Reader," are so perfect in every detail, and so full of the very mastery of the art of wood-engraving; that they seem, at the first thought, wasted in a mere school-book, and entitled to place in luxurious books for the boudoir or presentation. A second thought, however, recalls what has before been said—that illustrations, for the young and to instruct as well as delight young eyes, demand to be perfect in drawing and elaborate in finish,—and that probably Mr. Juengling, admittedly among the most faithful and effective of wood-engravers, could not set himself at a more meritorious work, even in annuals or THE ALDINE, than in illustrating the school-book in this unexceptionable manner, delighting the instructed eye of the adult and the art-lover, while literally enrapturing the less exigent youth of the school-room. Some day—who knows?—the school-book may become one of the best nurseries of art; and when that day comes, we may depend upon it that the education supplied by fine work to each student, will be well repaid in increased knowledge of form and ripened sense of beauty, throughout after life.

LITERATURE.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, if those who have been of the earth and departed hence for "another and a better world," are enabled to look back upon the scenes of their earthly labors and those who carry out or mar the scope of those labors—this departed poet and dramatist of America must, in such case, have a pleasant consciousness, to-day, that, whatever of neglect he may have suffered in the past, full justice is being rendered him in the present, thanks especially and almost entirely to the efforts of one man who came after his day, but was placed in circumstances fully to appreciate the powers of one gone before—none other than Gabriel Harrison, whose name will ever, henceforth, be connected, at least in America, with that of the author of "Brutus" and "Sweet Home." There is no intention, in the present paper, of reviewing the circumstances through which Mr. Harrison has been induced to undertake and carry on such arduous labors as have resulted in the Payne bust in Brooklyn Prospect Park, and in the luxurious volume, "The Life and Writings of John Howard Payne," lately issued from the press of Joel Munsell, Albany. Something of reverence for the great dead, not to call it "man-worship," has undoubtedly been involved, as those who know the biographer can well understand; but something more and more powerful has unquestionably been found in the connection of the biographer with a third person. This was the late Edwin Forrest, whose warm admiration of the tragedy of "Brutus," in which he won so many of his best honors, extended to the author who could have written that tragedy, and found many and ardent expressions during all the later years of his life. Mr. Forrest, dying, left behind him few brother-actors more thoroughly impressed with his powers and the mark he had made upon the dramatic times, than Mr. Harrison; and there is not a doubt that from conversations with the great representative of Brutus, at least something of that ardor of regard was derived, leading the biographer to what has been so truly a "labor of love" toward him who was virtually the first American dramatist.

With such an inspiration, it could not have been otherwise than that Mr. Harrison, supplementing the noble bust in the Park with an appreciative biography, should have done his work with ardor: it remains to be said, and it may be said in all candor, that he has done it, in the main, with excellent judgment—a quality by no means insured by the possession of the other. With the admiration already understood, there was great danger that the biography, whose best *raison d'être* was to be found in the additional knowledge of its subject which it would supply to the American people, might degenerate into eulogy, not always in the best taste, and certain to destroy the very mission of the work by enthusiastic overcoloring. Let it be said that this temptation has been marvelously well resisted by Mr. Harrison, whose admiration for his subject, if at all times evident, is never obtrusive, and never finds expression beyond what may be easily received. In the main, while confessedly admiring and somewhat in the form of a tribute, it bears the impress of being closely restrained, well considered, and intrinsically just.

Sincerely anxious that the very limited edition so far supplied, should be followed by a much more extensive one, displaying less luxury of paper and margin, and at a price more easily within the reach of ordinary book purchasers,—we have no intention of recording a word, in review, calculated to make that republication less likely; and we shall accordingly avoid any such examination of the life and literary career of Mr. Payne, as might well be justified under other circumstances. That the poet was of an honorable family, is a fact well known to such Americans as have made the least study of biography and genealogy; but only a limited percentage know that, while the residence of his family was for many years at East Hampton, Long Island, the place of birth of the poet was in the city of New York. Not even this, and the date of his birth, June 9, 1791, being generally remembered, it is quite natural that most of the other details of his life should be more or less shadowy, and that thousands of persons otherwise well informed, should really only know the author of "Home, Sweet Home" as the author of that lyric, with a few aware of his claim to the Forrestian tragedy of "Brutus." Surprisingly few, of the present generation, know of him at all as an actor; while the fact is that in early youth he seems quite to have divided the fame of precocious Thespianism with the then celebrated Master Betty, of England, and that had he been nothing else or more than an actor, he would probably have attained a position on the boards, impossible in his divided life. To most of us, Mr. Payne stands as the author of the most popular domestic song of any age (possibly rivaled within the last twenty years by "Annie Laurie") somewhat dimly thereafter as a dramatist, and finally as a man who became consul at one of the Barbary ports; who died there, and whose body yet reposes in that barbarian soil, to attract occasional attention and comment from the traveler who traverses the south shore of the Mediterranean.

It is only through such a work as that of Mr. Harrison, that even glimpses can be caught by the public eye, of that long sojourn of Mr. Payne abroad, commencing in 1813 (when he was but twenty-two years of age), he having sailed for England, on the ship *Catharine Ray*, on the 17th January of that year,—and ending, for the time, in his return to America in the midst of the first terrible cholera season, landing at New York on the 25th July, 1832, and receiving, at the Park Theatre, on the 29th November, of that year, the great ovation of his return, with many others following successively in different cities of the Union.

There are few more interesting pages of biographical reading, than those recording the acquaintance of the young American with the Englishmen of mark in the world of letters, of half a century ago,—albeit the theme might have been pursued at more length to advantage. Enough is shown, however, of the circumstances attending Mr. Payne's decided triumphs on the English and Irish stage, to make his life far less a myth than it has previously been, and to show that, even during the War of 1812 raging at the time of his first appearances in Great Britain, an American who gave evidence of commanding talent, could be and was received with consideration. That, as author, dramatist and actor, and even in the thankless task of resident purveyor of French plays for the English market, at Paris, he held creditable place and won many of those honors the first bestowed upon any distinctive American

by the people of the sore and captious mother country—this is much to know, however late the knowledge.

A somewhat strange episode even in the life of a man markedly singular in many regards, followed Mr. Payne's return to America and the three years during which he still maintained his connection with the drama, deriving a certain amount of pecuniary advantage from what may be called the benefits of acknowledgment, commenced at the New York Park in November, 1832, and concluded at the New Orleans Camp Street in 1835. This was his residence among and close affiliation with the Cherokee Indians, at that time under the leadership of the celebrated chief, John Ross—leading to not ill-founded jealousy on the part of the United States Government, which believed Payne, through advice to Ross, in large measure responsible for the failure of a treaty from which much benefit to the country had been expected. Perhaps there is no more characteristic action in the whole course of the life of the poet-actor-dramatist, than this temporary affiliation with the Cherokees as a sort of alternation from the company of the "Mohocks" of London, in which a large part of nearly twenty years of his life had been passed; and it is not too sure that the consulate to Tunis did not grow out of the idea that he who could so well manage one race of the barbarian and the impracticable, would be found efficient in dealing with another not much easier of manipulation. Another appointment to a consular office in the Barbary States will be readily called to mind as illustrating this point—that of Thomas Nelson Carr, whom Mr. Payne marvelously resembled in many details of face, head, and in what may be called fierce force of character; and those who read this biography, and who mark the overbearing tenacity with which Consul Payne, at Tunis, forced the repair of the consular residence, will be likely to recall the corresponding vigor of Consul Carr, who, with his *exaquatur* to Tangier (Morocco) withdrawn through British intrigues, came home, secured reappointment, went back to Tangier, and forced his re-recognition literally at the cannon's mouth, with an American fleet in the harbor and two hours given in which to accord the official salute, under threat of bombardment.

It was in 1842, after several years spent at home, in literary and other creditable labors, though with no return to the stage,—that Mr. Payne received, through the efforts of Mr. Webster, Mr. Marcy and many other leading men in political life, the appointment of U. S. Consul to Tunis, destined to make him an exile once more and finally. He sailed in February, 1843, and reached his consulate on the 13th May of that year, passing through London, Paris, Havre, Marseilles, etc., and renewing many of the pleasant acquaintances dropped a dozen years before. He soon became a favorite with the Bey of Tunis; as well as an active worker in the peculiar duties of his office. Political intrigue recalled him in 1845, to give him another round of revisiting his old haunts in Europe, he only reaching America in 1847. Then followed a long period of weary waiting; and then, with the efforts of his old friends Webster and Marcy, joined by Mr. Clayton, his reappointment in the early weeks of 1851. He sailed from America, for the last time, in April, 1851, and reached Tunis at the close of July of that year, receiving a warm welcome from the authorities who had learned to respect him during his previous tenure of office.

That Mr. Payne, during both his holdings of the consulate, was the reverse of idle in that walk which had supplied the best occupation of his life, there is more than reason to believe, though no amount of effort has been able to discover the manuscripts which may have attested his labor. That he had in view and in progress, a history of the Barbary States, and possibly of the Moors in connection with them— is a matter of literal certainty; but the world is never to be benefited by his uncompleted efforts, whatever carelessness or enmity may have wrought the destruction of material so valuable. His health failed rapidly during the early winter of 1851-2, necessitating a temporary abode in Italy; and he died on the 9th April, 1852, in the sixty-second year of his age, having nobly filled his place in the world even if somewhat erratically;—but leaving on the collective mind an impression that will never be effaced—that, however much he had done, he had by no means as yet done the best that was in him.

Of the literary contents of that portion of this volume devoted to the "Writings," we have not as yet had occasion to speak. They comprise, principally, "Lispings of the Muse," a collection of juvenile poems said to have been "chiefly written before the age of sixteen," and certainly wonderful for that age, though even so only a promise of what might well have been expected in later and riper life; "Poems of Later Days," showing a marked improvement in power, but scarcely any brightening of the poetical faculty, and markedly fragmentary in character; "Scene from an Unpublished Play" (which may well have borne the title of "The Painter's Love"); "Our Neglected Poets," an appreciative review, with extracts, of the life and work of a perished Long Island genius, one William Martin Johnson; the tragedy of "Brutus" (upon which, at last, must hinge the highest capacities of the great *might have been* of John Howard Payne); and an Appendix, in which are grouped poems by various writers of eminence, bearing a certain relation to Mr. Payne, or made appropriate through having been presented to him by the writers under peculiar circumstances. The book—for which one could wish only two alterations—the addition at least of "Clari" and "Therese," if no others of the dramatic works,—and much more careful proof-reading, the want of which has seriously marred the sense in some instances,—the book concludes with a list of "Mr. Payne's Dramatic Works," showing that they were exceedingly large in number, the list divided into eight tragedies, six comedies, no less than twenty-one dramas, five operas, and half a score of farces—many of each keeping the stage, and the whole body of stage-labor at once conscientious and creditable. Once more, we commend this rare book, and demand, on the part of the public, a cheaper republication in the general interest.

It would be equally ungrateful and unjust, however, to close this hasty paper without saying that Mr. Harrison, in his work, and especially in the securing and erection of the Payne bust, has been materially and lovingly assisted by the Faust Club, of Brooklyn, the association thus at once justifying and honoring their literary appellation.

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